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The Keowee Trail

Program



A Historical Pageant

Presented at

Greenville, South Carolina

November 11, 1921

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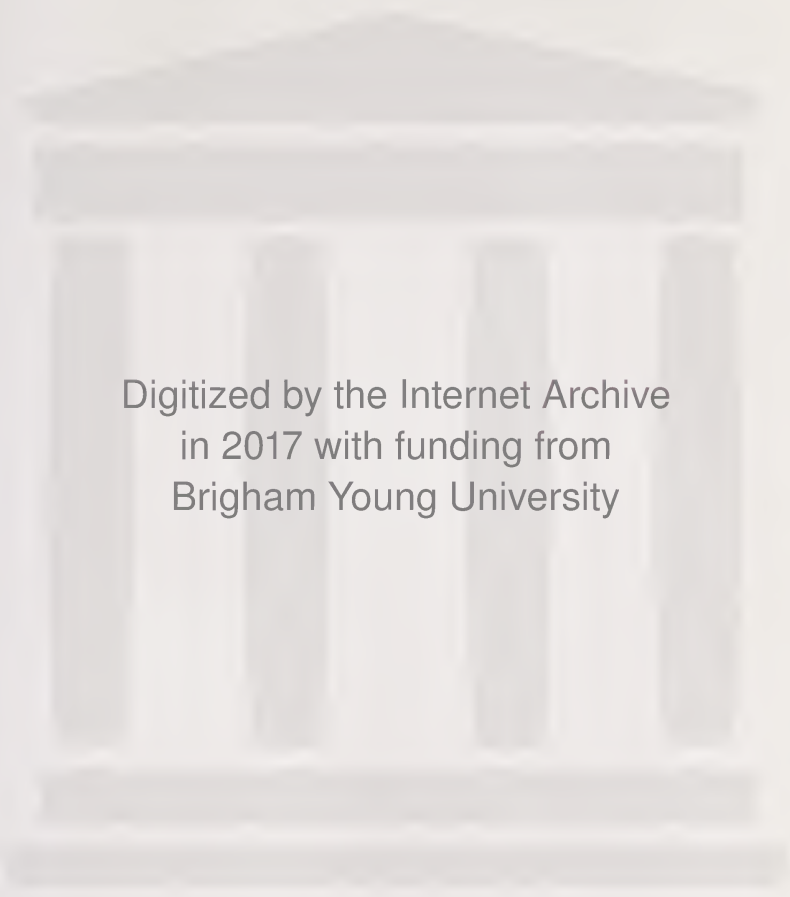
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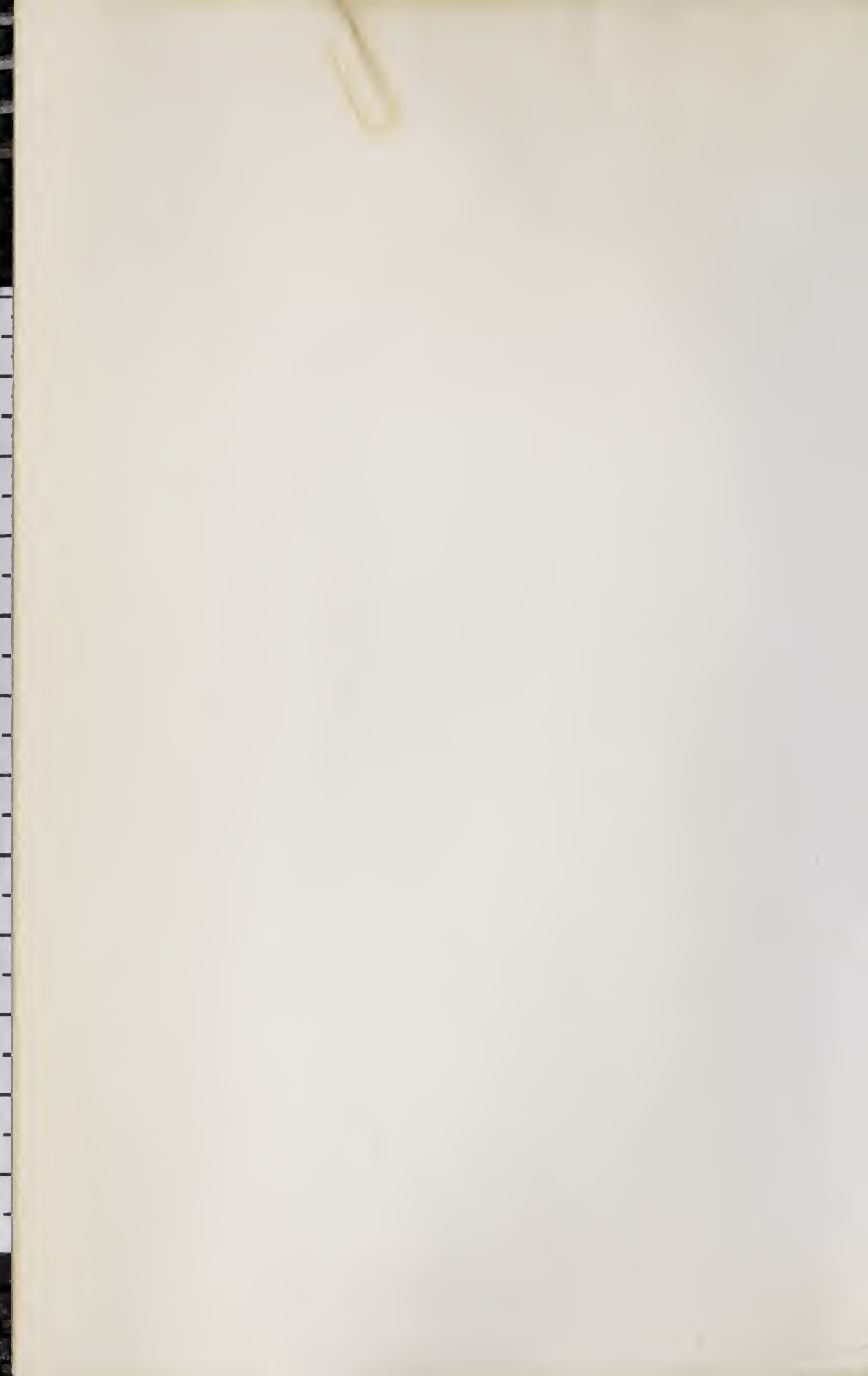
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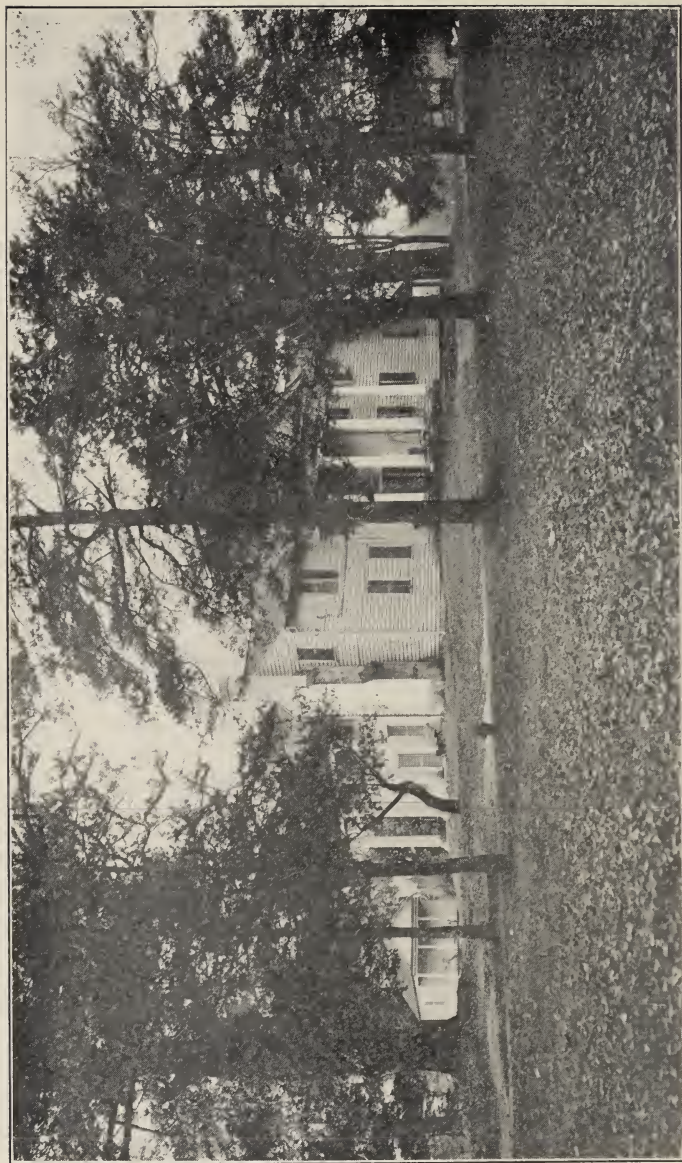
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The Keowee Trail

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November 11, 1921

PEACE PRINTING COMPANY,
GREENVILLE, S. C.

1921

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The Keowee Trail

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Spartanburg

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Laurens

Greenville

We, the dwellers in the Piedmont, present this Pageant in commemoration of those who builded well in the early years and whose lives and works have not only been an inspiration to all who followed after but have made our present achievements possible.

We have gathered legend, pioneer story and history and have woven them together into a dramatic history of the Piedmont from 1730 to the close of the Revolution and have suggested visions of later progress and achievement.

“All of the good that the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad.”

Foreword

By John S. Taylor.

Under the shadow of the Blue Ridge Mountains, those ancient sentinels of the Keowee country, we portray in pageantry today the deeds of achievement which wrought a colony from a wilderness, a state from a colony, and finally a national supremacy which is the wonder of the world empires!

Facts are the fingers of God, and History is the record of His eternal purposes!

Go back with us today to the dawn of Western civilization, when the ground on which we stand was a wilderness, and the favorite hunting ground of the Cherokee.

Think with us today of the heroic deeds and self-sacrificing valor of those noble men and women who wrested a colony from a wilderness!

Behold with us today the fruition of the efforts of many South Carolinians; a state resting securely on a sure foundation quarried by our Revolutionary ancestors from the Mountains of Eternal Truth!

Live with us today, the knowledge and determination to be worthy of this heritage, that through truth, courage and patriotism, our state may endure forever!

If from this pageant you catch an inspiration of the deeds of those men and women who built for Time and Eternity, the efforts which are spent here today, will not have been spent in vain.

Authors of The Pageant

The Pageant, "The Keowee Trail," has been written and developed through the efforts of many people working together on a community project which had for its ultimate goal the dramatization of historic facts and scenes which have come to be known as vital events in the history of the Piedmont section.

Mr. Wm. M. Grier was the author of the first outline of "The Keowee Trail." The History Committee of which Mr. Grier is chairman enlarged and developed this outline.

The Prologues and other spoken parts have been written by different people. Credit for these is given in the Book of the Pageant.

The Pageant Director adapted the Pageant for dramatic production.

A great deal of appreciation and credit is here given to all committees, groups and individuals, whose interest and whose work on the organization and development of this project has made its finished production possible.

L. P. Hollis, Chairman Pageant Executive Committee.





MRS. GEORGE A. BUIST AS THE CAROLINIAN SPIRIT,

The Keowee Trail

A History of The Country

By W. Lindsay Wilson.

History, so-called, and which, after all, is nothing more or less than the story of human achievement or the march of human progress, if read from different angles, leaves with the reader many different impressions. To skim lightly over it, reading only isolated incidents of military effort, or skipping the pages between one battle and another, forgetting to read the preparations leading up to these conflicts, or worst of all, failing to read of the causes which bring about strife between nations, or parts of the same nation, it becomes but a disconnected story, bringing out in bold relief a leader here, an orator yonder.

To get the true light on and the real reason for the movements of bodies of men, the erection of fortresses, building of military roads, and the enactment of laws far reaching in their consequence, it is necessary to look further than the immediate detail of the march or the sitting of a body of law makers. This is not always possible in a decade or the several decades immediately following the period in which these changes take place, but as the years go on and we are further removed from the real change itself, a brighter light seems to burn about the deeds of those who were instrumental in these mighty works and the reader is careless indeed if he sees not plainly the longer he reads, the greater the reason.

During the period between 1730 and 1763, changes were taking place and battles were being fought which affected not only the destiny of the struggling colonies (the founders of our nation today), but the future for all time of the English speaking people, who, ruling the New World, were largely instrumental as a consequence in the mighty happenings of the past few years and overthrow of the Teutonic nation.

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Prior to 1750, and from the end of the Proprietary Government, South Carolina, then a crown colony, consisted of a number of scattered settlements along the sea coast and up its tide water streams, but about 1750 and after peace had been declared in Europe and the claims of the pretender had been overthrown, thousands of hardy Scots-Irish came across the seas in an irresistible wave, caring not for the homes where the tang of salt water was forever in their nostrils, resolved to get again among hills like those of their old homes across the water and began to push forward northward from the existing colonies into the trackless wilderness.

Of course, prior to the time of the movement northward, it was the desire of those whose homes were along the seaboard to participate in the great profits which report had brought to them could be made in trafficking with the Indians in the up country, a primeval wilderness, extending they knew not how far.

For, from time to time straggling hunters had made their way southward from the Cumberlands or the Blue Ridge Mountains, bringing wondrous tales of the richness of the up country in timbers, game, gold, etc., so the movement of trade and settlement, hand in hand, began, and, little by little, the bands of pioneers began to establish themselves along what is now known as the Fall Line.

Recognizing that this movement northward would grow into a force that might not be governed by any laws passed by South Carolina or Parliament itself, Gov. Glenn of South Carolina, in 1753 negotiated a treaty with the Cherokee Indians and bought from them all of the territory lying between Fort Prince George, near what is now Walhalla, as far as their territory extended eastward and southward to where the waters ran smooth to the sea.

This purchase, together with what was seized as being a part of it, comprised the present counties of Oconee, Pickens, Anderson, Abbeville, Edgefield, Laurens, Union, York, Spartanburg, Greenville, Newberry, Chester, Fairfield and Richland.

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Once this treaty was made and the red man, with his sense of fairness having prepared himself to live up to it, the settlers came in earnest, and woodlands which had known only the sound of the red man's voice, the footfalls of the deer or the weird melody of its own music, became alive with pale-faced men, the cry of the cat giving way to the sound of the saw, and the crash of a rock, loosened from some mountain cliff deadened by the falling of the giants of the forest under the stroke of the settler's axe.

Naturally it was the desire of the white to live in amity and accord with the Indian and at first glance it would seem that the treaty made by Gov. Glenna was all that was needful to secure for the settlers, coming over in every ship, the homes which they longed to obtain, but it was inevitable, of course, that these settlements, made up of English people who were first and always colonizers in distinct contrast with the French, within the shadow of whose forts Indians could still hunt, should clash with the Red Man, whose stronghold, by their coming, was invaded.

The Indians with whom they came in contact were sturdy, brave and of a very much higher class than any other Indian tribe of the North American Continent. They were at first disposed to be friendly with the settlers, who in turn treated them perhaps better than any other Indians were ever treated by the white man, that is, the spirit of fairness prevailed because the settlers, being as stated, of Scots-Irish origin, were fairminded and not disposed to take advantage of the child-like Indian who would sell an empire for a handful of beads.

But, beyond the seas the Frank and the Anglo-Saxon were beginning to plan bloody vengeance on each other for fancied wrongs perpetrated an hundred years before, and in America the French had been moving steadily downward the "River Beautiful," as the Ohio was called, claiming as they went, all the lands draining into it.

The tri-color of France, theoretically at least, floated over every acre of ground from the banks of La Belle Riviere

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to the highest peaks of the Cumberlands and the Blue Ridge and waved its defiant message to all who ran that might read that the Frenchman had set his seal upon that land for his Sovereign beyond the seas.

This line of the French ran, in a general way, along what is now the Great Smoky Mountains in Tennessee, across Cumberland Gap, thence slightly eastward to the border line between North Carolina and Tennessee and onward still across the leagues to the summits of the Blue Ridge passing nearest to our own state, in a general way, on an imaginary line drawn from Blue Ridge, Ga., across to Brevard, N. C., Hendersonville, and so on along the height of land in that section.

But the Scots-Irish in Southern Carolina moving onward, were not all of that blood that had come to America. The great human tidal wave which beached itself at Charleston had its counterpart in another which reached the shore at the port of Philadelphia, and this more northern wave, moving a little south o' westward had already passed the highest point reached by Spotswood and his Knights of the Golden Horseshoe nearly a century before. They too had heard of the wonders beyond the peaks of the Blue Hills which we know as the Blue Ridge and of the fertile fields awaiting only the thrift which they knew so well to practice to bring to them a golden harvest, and in the meantime, were there not buffaloes as far as the eye could reach, grazing on the fertile river bottom, and deer of the forest to furnish meat? So the land not of itself only, but of the game therein promised meat, and skins to clothe their families and other necessities required by them in their rude barter.

Westward still and westward then swarmed these sturdy newcomers, causing great distress in the hearts of the Frenchmen who had all along thought that they were secure in the possession of this New World Empire. Not alone in America did these settlers, stubborn in their beliefs, immovable in their resolves and strong in their religious faith, cause uneasiness among the subjects of King Louis, but they

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were also the cause of many a conference in far away Paris and the Indians living along the head waters of the Tennessee, Savannah, Saluda and Broad Rivers were visited by many secret embassies from the wily lieutenants of the French King, who were not slow to explain to them that the English had come to stay and take their land, whereas they, the French, cared only for the peltries which the Indians had for sale.

Northward then from the Carolinas, westward from Virginia and southwestward from Pennsylvania surged the land hungry immigrants from the Old World, descendants of men who had fought under Wallace, who had lived with Bruce, and stood in the lists at Oudenarde, Malplaquet, Agincourt, Dettingden, Fontenoy and Culloden and they were not lightly to be rebuffed by some shoulder shrugging Latin with suave tongue and restless ways.

Echoes of these frequent clashings and these secret embassies now reached Buckingham Palace and the crown of England took cognizance of its own interests in these lands. Northward and westward of the Carolinas and westward of the Virginias, to make good their claims and to stop the further southward progress of the French, forts were built in the up country, the first of these being at Cambridge, S. C., and under its protective shadow sprung up the settlements of Bordeaux, Abbeville and Long Cane.

This last was a name to figure largely in the history yet to be made and those who had settled along the shores of the small stream that gave the settlement its name, were to hear many times the whoop of the savage in the still hours of the night when he brought destruction into their midst.

As the settlements in the up country increased and the disputes beyond the mountains grew louder in tone, it became necessary to build still another fort called Charlotte, located on the banks of the Savannah River—and still another called Prince George, built on the upper waters of this same stream near the present boundary lines of North and South Carolina.

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These forts were garrisoned by English soldiers who came, not to keep peace with the Red Man, because that prevailed, but to make good the claim of the British King, and we can easily see why fortresses were established westward from Virginia toward the Ohio, down that stream, south along the line of the Tennessee, running to the Blue Ridge and on through the Carolinas along the Savannah and so on to the sea.

During all this time, notwithstanding the workings of the French embassies, the red man and the white respected the treaty of Gov. Glenn, and, generally speaking, there was good feeling. Of course, there were restless spirits as always, regardless of the clime from which they may come, who impose upon the weak, but in spite of the calm which seemed to be over all, the clash between the red coated grenadiers, under the Lion of St. George, and the white coated soldiers, under the Lillies of France, was drawing nearer and nearer.

A mighty gulf was about to be opened into which would be tossed alive the settlers of Virginia, the Carolinas, the colonies further north and men in far off Scotland who perhaps had never heard of America, and stolid British yeoman of Northumberland, Essex, Sussex, Shropshire and Wales.

When the war drums did beat, the lot of the Cherokee was cast with that of the English and at the direction of their half king, Atta-Kulla-Kulla, the best of the brave and the pick of the nation went to join Washington and Braddock in their march toward Duquesne. The story of this unfortunate expedition is well known, but the driving back of the English only made stronger in the hearts of their brethren of the new world the determination to hold forever the lands on which their blood had been shed.

Again the attempt was made and again the Cherokees sent forth their bravest and this time victory remained with the Provincials. In the general disorder which followed the overthrow of the French and due to the absence of any means of communication, the Indian allies drifted away from

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the whites and began their march backward across the wilderness to their homes along the Holston, French Broad, Seneca and Saluda Rivers.

Being much wearied by their journey and by the hardships which they had suffered as they came through Virginia, and finding horses wandering wild in the woods, these they appropriated to themselves, for, secure in the knowledge that they had aided their white friends and in their child-like simplicity, believed it only fair to take whatsoever their fancy dictated and what fate might put in their way.

Pursued by the settlers, who knew not indeed that these red men were their friends, the rifles again began to crack and those who so readily fought for the cause with the white, now fell in the dim aisles of the forest slain by the bullets fired by their erstwhile friends.

Thus turned from the side of the English the mighty Cherokee Nation. Their French friends had been beaten and driven away, but the memory of the stories which they had heard around many a council fire came back to them and their wise men took knowledge that they were indeed Ishmalites, for their hands were against every man and every man's hands were against them.

* * * *

With the breaking out of this Indian War, the first real conflict between those of the New World in which of the old had no part, so far as causes were concerned, a new era dawned. Peace had apparently come after years of bloodshed, but with her attention no longer distracted by the workings of the French, the motherland began to take strong notice of the embryo empire which had been won and the colonists who had heretofore been largely left to work out their own salvation, now began to hear of certain taxes and restrictions put upon them and in a way so that they could understand them as nothing else but tribute.

Never before in the whole range of history has there been a parallel case such as the differences now coming up between England her colonists. Flattered by the cringing syn-

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ophants surrounding the throne and urged on by his half-crazed mother, the King of England, weak scion of the House of Hanover, became more narrow minded still and determined to use all of the forces of Britain in compelling obedience to his wishes from the Colonists, forgetting that they were of the same stock as those who centuries before had met King John at Runnymede. Magna Charta was about to blaze forth with a light brighter than ever before, for the divine right of kings had perished from the face of the earth!

The first evidence of George's blind policy was the Stamp Act, passed and then repealed. Other laws effecting exports and imports equally as foolish and impossible to enforce were tried and discarded; the quarrel grew fiercer and the differences between the old land and the new greater, until that April morning when Pitcairn and his grenadiers met the embattled formers and the echoes of liberty, there awakened, have never ceased in their reverberations around the world.

Once the die was cast, it could not be broken. Even then the Eagle (symbol now of our land), was screaming of liberty o'er the field of the future and the ears of those who had driven away the French took swift heed to the cry.

Events moved quickly and the scene of war was shifted from one end to the other of the thirteen colonies. In this short sketch it is not for us to deal with the various campaigns, successes and disappointments, victories and reverses that came to the lot of the colonists.

The years moved on and standing like a tower through the mists of discouragement was the shining figure of Washington, the greatest of all Americans. Inspired by his matchless courage, unfailing energy, loftiness of character and steadfastness of purpose, those of the north and those of the south hoped on when hope seemed dead and fought on when all seemed lost.

In the darkest hours came from across the hills in the far away country of the Tennessee, sturdy Scotts-Irish Presbyterians, gathering unto themselves from all directions as a mag-

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net gathers bits of iron, those of like faith and steadiness of purpose, until at Kings Mountain ultimate victory, so long standing in the shadows, stepped forth in the dazzling light of the ages and the American Revolution was won.

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Historical Sketch

Written by W. M. Grier.

The tribes of Indians which first settled this part of the state, so far as is known, include the Cherokees, Choctaws, Catawbias and others. Although the Cherokee tribe is probably the largest and most important tribe in the United States, almost nothing has yet been written of their history or general ethnology, as compared with the literature of such northern tribes as the Delawares, the Iroquois, or the Ojibwas.

The proper name by which the Cherokee call themselves is Yunwiya or Aniyunwiya in the third person, signifying "real people," or "principal people," a word closely related to Onewehonwe, the name by which the cognate Iroquois know themselves. The word properly denotes "Indians" as distinguished from people of other races, but in usage it is restricted to mean members of the Cherokee tribe, those of other tribes being designated as Creek, Catawba, etc.

The Cherokees were tall and straight and always manifested a dignified bearing. They were of the more intelligent class. The speech of Atta-kulla-kulla indicates that poetic inclinations of the people.

Establishment of Fort Prince George.

In 1756 Governor James Glenn purchased a tract of land on the Keowee river and there built a fort which he called Fort Prince George. Just across this river stood the Indian village of Keowee. This course was deemed advisable, for more and more settlers were pressing toward the up-country and the trade with the Indians was becoming more valuable. Fore Moore had already been built farther down on the Savannah river and Fort Loudon on the Tennessee.

While there are no visible marks of the establishment of Fort Prince George at the present time, there are unmis-

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takable marks of the town of Keowee, which was just across the river. Both of these places were located in a beautiful meadow and in plain view of one another and interesting history attaches to each.

Scots-Irish Settlements.

Among the new colonists who were responsible for the early settlements of upper Carolina probably none stand out more prominently than Patrick Calhoun. He was a Scot, a descendant of that large body of people who left the lowlands of Scotland and crossed over into Ireland, where they were called Scots-Irish. They afterward sailed across the Atlantic and settled first in Pennsylvania, later some of them came South and settled in Virginia and Carolina. The journey through the forests was long and weary. The women and children were bourne along on horseback, the men usually walking in advance, some with rifles and some with axes. Each night the company of pilgrims went into camp and around a great camp fire they sang some of the Psalms of David and prayed for God's guidance and protection. Patrick Calhoun and a small group of followers settled in Abbeville county and it was here that the Indian massacre took place and the grave stones marking the resting place are still standing in the cemetery at Long Cane.

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Cateechee of Keowee

By John S. Taylor.

There are few Indian traditions that are more beautiful or romantic than the story of Cateechee of Keowee. The events which are recorded in this story took place between the years 1730 to 1750, and many streams and points of interest in Upper South Carolina are inseparably associated with this Indian girl and her heroic ride.

Cateechee was a captured Choctaw maiden, her name in the Choctaw language being Issaqueena, meaning the Deer Head. No animal was more loved or admired by the Indians than the deer, its grace and beauty appealing to them greatly, and no name more charming could have been borne by an Indian girl than that of the Deer Head!

Cateechee lived with her captors, the Cherokees, at Keowee Village, on the headwaters of the Savannah River, some fifteen miles above the present site of Clemson College. Here at Keowee Village she met Allen Francis, an English trader, who, plying his business of fur trading among the Indians, met and loved the beautiful Cateechee. Shortly after, Cateechee overheard the plans of the head men and chiefs of the Cherokee Nation, to make an attack on the settlers at the town of Cambridge, which is now known as Ninety-Six. She realized that the life of her sweetheart, Allen Francis, was at stake, and mounting a half wild pony she rode without pause to Cambridge, a distance of ninety-six miles, where she warned the settlers of their approaching danger, and they were enabled to make their preparations and repulse the attack.

Allen Francis and Cateechee were then married, and later made their home on what is now Stump House Mountain, near the town of Walhalla. So called because it is said that Francis felled four trees with his axe, and upon their stumps built a crude but comfortable cabin for his bride. Here



Photo by Mitchell.

MISS JANIE GILREATH, AS CATEECHEE.

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they lived in safety and happiness. A child was born to them, and from the bounty of the streams and forests they had ample provision for their simple wants.

The head men of Keowee Village, learning of their presence within the domain of the nation, gathered a body of warriors together and went to take them. Allen Francis was hunting in the forest, and Cateechee, with her child upon her back, fastened into his little blanket, was engaged in her household duties. Hearing the shrill whoop of the warriors as they caught sight of her little home, she ran to the falls of the river near her door, and, leaping from their crest, was apparently lost on the rocks below. Her pursuers, approaching the falls, looked down into the mist and spray, and feeling a certain awe in the presence of the water spirits,* and withdrew, certain that she and her babe had met their fate. In reality Cateechee had only jumped a distance of some six to ten feet, and alighting safely upon a projecting crag, she withdrew behind the veil of water, and safely waited the departure of her cruel foes.

In commemoration of the ride of Cateechee, we have the following streams in Upper South Carolina named as being distant from Keowee, on the route she took to Ninety-Six: Four Mile, Twelve Mile, Eighteen Mile, Three-and-Twenty and Six-and-Twenty. The name of Cambridge was changed to Ninety-Six, this being the distance from Keowee on the famous ride. Stump House Mountain has already been spoken of, and the falls over which Cateechee is supposed to have made her daring leap, are known as Issaqueena Falls to this day.

“Yes, give me the land that hath legends and lays
That tell of the memories of long-vanished days;
Yes, give me a land that hath story and song,
Enshrining the strife of the right with the wrong.”

Water spirits were supposed to inhabit water falls, and the Indians were very reluctant to come into close proximity with large falls. It is a well known fact that they shunned Tallulah Falls, and would not hunt or fish within the sound of its roaring waters.

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Chorus—The Sun Worshippers—Loomis.

Prologue—By the Carolinian.

The Cherokee Country.

Bursts now the bloom upon a thousand hills,
The jasmine, laurel and the rose,
Stately tulips rear their proud heads
And the monotone of bees fills the air
As they drowse from flower to flower.
In every nook the violet nods,
From every cliff springs the fern
With snow white lillies o'er all the lowland fair.
Green, clothes all the forest, so latey dim;
And life comes to a sleeping world.

* * * * *

In the streams dashing clear with pools here and anon,
Leap the speckled denizens of the water, while further down
In the stiller reaches, sport their larger brothers,
Promise of much food for squaw and child.
In yon covert half concealed by swelling bud, rests the deer,
Food of all tribes when cold winds blow and snow flakes
fill the air.
While on the lowlands broad, graze buffalo and elk,
In countless thousands.

II.

Where yon line of sky and hill meet, dwell the Cherokee;
Mighty men through all the ages; full of wisdom of the
forests old.

SUN WORSHIP

Among the Southern Indians the sun was regarded as a symbol of the power and beneficence of the Great Spirit.

To it their vows were offered as they puffed the smoke from the great calumet toward the heavens and performed mysterious rites and ceremonies.

The Keowee Trail

Beyond that line of water, on the other hand, find we the
Catawba;
Half friends of theirs and from the same king descended.
Beyond this ridge live the Cheraw; known of old,
And friends because they live apart.

* * * * *

Mighty streams are born in these great hills—
But a bow shot away springs the Savannah,
While at one's feet the Saluda flows.
Cross yon blue ridge rises the Broad; while, in the distance,
dim,
The Catawba has its way.

III.

Blue hills, fair dales, mighty cliffs,
Valleys of lillies, flowers with beauty rare,
Birds to give their feathers bright,
And deer for food and raiment,—
On all sides we see.
This the mighty sun, presence of the Great Spirit,
Brings to the children of the woodland.
When sleep passes, his presence comes to them
Warming their blood and making hearts to sing.
Mighty Sun! Presence of the Great Spirit,
The knee is bent to thee—giver of all things!
(Written by W. Lindsay Wilson.)

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PRELUDE

Music—Coronation March, Meyerbeer.

A group of Sun Spirits in a stately dance-drama show reverence for the sun as symbolic of the Great Spirit. As they finish the dance, the High Priest of the Indians is seen, watching them with great reverence.

The High Priest does reverence to the Sun group and calls the chief and his warriors, who enter and perform the ceremonial to the Sun.

Music—Dance of the Redmen, Wheelock.

Prologue—By the Carolinian.

The Cherokees.

A purpling fringe along the mountain's foot,
The village of the Cherokee each year
Spun out its thirteen moons.

Each moon the High Priest ushered in
Blowing a spiral of blue smoke upward
Till it reached the Great Sun-God
From whose exhaustless urn
Poured down the endless flood of seasons,
The flood of plants, of fish, of fruit, of game,
That each in turn gave life,
Gave strength and cunning to his chosen people.

With beat of drums and tom-toms
The bright garbed maids with many sparkles
Like rainbows wove in circles,
Stalwart warriors, noble ravens, sanctioned hunters,—
They who won full pardon from the slain one,—
Glided round the campfire's red gleam
Paying grateful, frenzied tribute
To the Bear Moon, Deer Moon, Fish Moon.
Cast they to the Fire God's bright tongues
First bits of the Feast of Berries;



MAJOR WM. F. ROBERTSON, AS CHIEF ATTA-KULLA-KULLA.

The Keowee Trail

At the Feast of Walnuts, Melons, Chestnuts,
So gave thanks for all provisions.

The Moon of Mulberries waxed and waned;
The Great Corn Dance has come again.
Within the central tribal house
The Council of Beloved Men holds sway.
Through gaps of leaning trees
The Trail shows clear to the Tribal Field
Where the High Priest prays for seven days
Over the seven grains in the many mounds.
In seven days their life begins anew;
Old crimes forgotten, old corn burned;
New fires enkindled, for the Sun has enkindled New Corn!

The maids take up the solemn dance, when, lo,
The Great Chief speaks:
"Two sleeps distant from our outmost town of Keowee
Our ancient foe must vanquished be:
When the Great Water gives up the Sun from his embrace,
Along the wood-path's well-known course,
Warriors, ravens—all—to horse!
The slaves of war shall set the Conqueror's Feast of Love!

(Written by Mrs. N. H. Alford.)

The Keowee Trail

EPISODE I.—Time 1730.

A Cherokee Village.

(During the Prologue the Cherokees enter with their chiefs. Groups of maidens and older women come. The braves seat themselves around the fire.) The High Priest and the Chief of the Cherokees, Atta-kulla-kulla, open the council.

Music—War Dance—Bellstead.

The women and maidens perform the corn planting ceremonial. All of the Cherokees implore a blessing on the harvest. Just as the ceremonial is ending, a scout comes and in great excitement tells the chief that some of their best horses have been stolen by the Choctaws.

The Council at once plans an attack on the Choctaws, which will be at day-break on the following day. Gathering about the council fire they mutter, "Echo-herro!" "Echo-herro!" and follow their chief.

Interlude I.—The Path Through the Forest.

Music—Waltz Cecile.

Choya—Grunn.

The Forest Spirits dance and summon the Birds, Flowers, Butterflies and Trees.

(This interlude shows some of the beautiful things of nature which the Indian loved and worshipped.)

Prologue—By the Carolinian.

Cateechee of Keowee.

The restless heart of waters, the whisper of forests, the wild
leap of crags and hills

In Carolina's highlands fair, once Keowee's dominion
Enshrined forever noble memories of Cateechee.

Primal maid, eternal woman

Torn from out the tents of princely Choctaws

Doomed to serve her savage masters

The Keowee Trail

Till the coming of the Pale-face
Woke within her hopes of freedom,
Spoke of love, of life, of courage;
Till the coming of the Pale-face
Naught but bondage did she know.

Allan Francis, Pale-face Trader, from the deep, black woods
to southward,
Met Kuruga, mighty Chieftain,
Proffered beads, and tin, and firearms,
But when to the trackless forests turned he
Carried with him more than deerskins,
More than venison, maize, and land-deeds,
Carried with him visions of Cateechee,
Of the grace and beauty of Cateechee;
Allan Frances, English trader, saw not bonds that held the
slave girl,
For he loved the queenly maid, Cateechee.

The Deer Moon waned, the Cold Moon came;
Death lurked in the council of Kuruga,
Death to the paleface, defeat to Cambridge.
Through night shadows glides Cateechee
To the pony, tamed by Yonah, Choctaw Prophet.
The black wolves howled.
The screams from the cat of the gods
Stopped not her flight. Swift as an arrow from well ben bow
Six and Ninety miles she rode from Keowee to Cambridge,
Brought her to her paleface lover,
Brought to him fulfillment of his visions,
To the white man's wigwams safety.
Wigwams that immortalize each milestone of the way,
The sturdy, thriving village, Ninety Six.

And all along the way wherever struck the pony's hoofs
Yonah, great Prophet of the Choctaws,
Caused there to bloom, both Peace and Prosperity
To bloom along the Trail of Keowee.

(Written by Mrs. N. H. Alford.)

The Keowee Trail

EPISODE II—TIME 1747.

Scene I.—A Choctaw Village.

Music—Indian Dance Song, Fletcher.

A group of Choctaw women show early musical instruments of the tribe. Other Choctaw women enter bearing reeds, feathers and rushes which they have dyed for weaving, still others come bearing flowers, branches, roots and herbs for making dye stuffs. Atwawa, the chief, arrives with a group of warriors; Choctaw men enter and play games of "Chunga" and "Ball Play."

Two or three braves go to the edge of the village and they discover scouts returning with horses stolen from Cherokees. There is rejoicing in the Choctaw village, but with a note of warning. Pan-ya (warning cry) is uttered many times. They fear that they will be discovered by the Cherokees.

Braves come carrying drums made of large earthen pots with deerskin stretched over the top. Some braves follow with rattles and shells fastened to ankles; with them come a group of maidens wearing leather stockings with deer's hoofs attached. The music of drum and rattle begins and all form circles about the fire, maidens in the center and the men outside.

Music—Scalp Dance—Lake.

Men turn toward the sun and the maidens the opposite way. They dance to a weird tune. The men strike their arms with open hand, the girls slap hands. After the men give a shout, answered by the shrill notes of maidens. The dance is suggestive of fear. In the midst of the dance an attack is made by the Cherokees, who have painted a black circle round one eye and a white one around the other, in preparation for an attack. Many Choctaws flee, but a number of maidens and women are captured.

Music—Scalp Dance.

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All the Cherokees gather and the captives are led before them. Among them is one "Isaqueena," a beautiful maiden who is given to the big chief, Kuruga. He thereupon changes her name to Cateechee, meaning "Deerhead."

Music—March, Aux Flambeaux, Clark.

Scene II—The English Traders.

Allan Francis and a group of English traders arrive. They make friends with the Indians. They tell their mission, the buying or trading of furs and skins. The traders exhibit beads, trinkets and various skins and after bartering, the trade is consummated. In the meantime, however, Allan Francis has shown decided interest in the Indian maiden and learns from the chieftain that her name is Cateechee. They are seen during the brief episode conferring in sign language. Francis bestows on Cateechee a string of beautiful beads and a bracelet. She is very much impressed. She follows them to the far edge of the village as they depart.

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INTERLUDE II.

The Scarf Dance, Chaminade.

The Four Winds.

Chorus—Land of Sky Blue Water.

A Ceremonial of the Indian Moons.

Prologue—By the Carolinian.

To Saluda Old Town came the Indians, came the Choctaws,
Creeks and Cherokees. Came the braves of many nations,
To Saluda Old Town came they, gladly came to treat and
parley,
Came to listen and to profit from the speech of the Great
Father.

Little did they think in coming that their lands were slipping
from them.

Slipping from their grasp the home lands,
Where their fathers lived before them,
Where their fathers now lay buried,
Where their hunting grounds were fairest,
Where their rivers flow more freely,
Where the fish leap forth more quickly,
Where the deer bounds from the hunter.

Stood the Great White Chief before them.
Spoke he to them in his language.
Spoke he of the Great White Father,
King of all the lands around them;
Showed his bounty, showed his wisdom,

FOUR WINDS

The great feast of the Indian years was "Boos-ke-tau," held in July or August, during which universal thanks were offered to the Great Spirit. All fires were extinguished and were new lighted from the spark kindled by the High Priest.

The smoke of the Calumet was blown to the Four Winds of heaven and it was a time of general purification.

THE INDIAN MOONS

Almost every month had its peculiar feast or festival.

With each new moon the feast was celebrated, securing its name from the principal fruits gathered or animal hunted.

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Told them all about his greatness;
Asked that they should give a portion
Of the land they loved so dearly,
Give a portion that the Great King
Might build forts for their protection;
To protect them from their enemies,
To protect them from the Frenchmen,
He who sought to blindly lead them;
Lead them into paths of sadness,
Lead them into paths of sorrow.
Thus he spoke, and thus they heeded.
Gave him lands and made him welcome,
Smoked the pipe and took the wampum,
Thus they treated at Saluda.
At Saluda Old Town village,
Where their fathers lived before them,
Where their fathers now lie buried.

Soon upon the crystal Keowee
Rang the axes of the English,
Rang the axes where the silence
Echoed only to the war cry,
Echoed only to the panther
As he cried upon the mountains;
Echoed now with shouts of soldiers,
As they felled the forest giants,
Building strong Prince George the fortress.

Soon against the sky there fluttered,
Not the wing of bird or eagle,
Not the wing of feathered flyer,
Flew the flag of distant England,
Flew the royal flag of England,
Flew against the azure heaven,
Flew where naught had flown before it,
Save the kingly mountain eagle
As he wheeled aloft and circled.

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And the Cherokees gazed in silence,
Gazed upon this flag of England;
Gazed upon this fort of England;
Gazed upon these English soldiers.
Watched them drill and saw their weapons,
Saw their skill in all their methods;
Saw the deadly rifle speaking,
Saw the deer fall dead before it,
Saw and seeing sadly heeded!

Knew they then that all was ended,
Gone were lands that they deemed sacred;
Gone the lands that they had fought for,
Gone the lands their fathers died for,
Gone the lands they gave their lives for;
Gone to them forevermore.

((Written by John S. Taylor.)

Chorus—Waters of Minnetonka, Liewrence.





Photo by Mitchell.

COL. HOLMES B. SPRINGS, AS ALLAN FRANCIS

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EPISODE III.

Scene I.—Time 1753—The Peace Conference Arranged.

An English runner arrives. He addresses the Great Chief, who rises, with some of his chiefs. The runner gives him a message from Gov. Glenn asking for a conference with the Cherokee Nation. Atta-kulla-kulla, after meditation and consultation, accepts his invitation and the runner departs. The chief and his people go to call the Cherokees together and prepare for the council with the Governor.

Scene II.—The Peace Treaty.

The tom-tom is heard outside and the low intonations grow louder as the warriors draw near. English runner announces that Gov. Glenn is arriving.

Enter Gov. Glenn and staff. The Governor is received by the chiefs and speaks to them:

“It is the will of the Great King that his subjects and your people all live together in friendship, and you have said that you desire not to break the chain thereof. It is a chain which our most gracious Sovereign holds at one end, and you at the other. You know that in order to keep this chain from contracting rust and hinder it from being broken, it is necessary that certain conditions be made, and as all acts of the Great King are kept until time shall be no more, it is our desire that what is said and done here today shall continue as long as the rivers flow, and the sun shines.

The Great King, who is the earthly father of us all, has great power, wealth and goodness; and he holds you, his children, in particular regards. You have long enjoyed happiness and protection, and we have supplied you with many gifts, and we have more gifts to give you. It is our expectation and the King's desire that you surrender a share of your territory in return for what the Great King has done for you. You know well how poor the French are and also how wicked they have acted in misleading you in the

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past, and it is my hope and desire that you will not permit them to enter your towns. We expect you to give us lands on which to build two forts to protect you against your enemies, and to be a retreat to you and your friends and to our people from a common enemy. In return for this, we shall furnish you with arms, ammunition, hatchets, clothes, and everything that you want and need."

(Written by John S. Taylor.)

Atta-kulla-kulla walks over to Gov. Glenn and holding in one hand a sheaf of arrows and in the other a bow, he answers:

"What I now speak the Great King should hear. We are brothers to the people of South Carolina, one house covers us all." Taking his boy by the hand he presented him to the Governor, and added, "We, our wives and children, are the children of the Great King George. I have brought this child that he may, when he grows up, remember our agreement on this day and tell it to the next generation that it may be known forever." Then opening a bag of earth and laying it at the Governor's feet, he said "We freely surrender a part of our lands to the Great King. The French want our possessions, but we will defend them while our nation shall remain alive." Showing his bow and arrow, he further said, "These are all the arms that we can make for our defense. We hope the King will pity his children and send us guns and ammunition. Give us guns and we will go to war against the enemies of the Great King."

Delivering to the Governor a string of wampum to confirm what he had said, he added, "My speech is at an end. It is the voice of the Cherokee Nation. I hope the Governor will send it to the King that it may be kept forever."

(Copied from Carroll's Historical Collection.)

The treaty consummated, Gov. Glenn and his staff depart to proceed with the establishment of Fort Prince George and the Indians perform a short peace ceremonial.

Music—Indian Dance—Bellstead.

EPISODE IV.—TIME 1756.

Scene I.—The Establishment of Fort Prince George.

The Indian Peace Ceremonial being ended, Gov. Glenn and a company of British soldiers dedicate the new fort.

Music.—Rule Britannia is sung by the chorus as the British flag is raised over the fort.

During the song the Indians, wrapping their blankets closely about them and realizing in some measure what the coming of the pale-face means, look intently at the group around the fort and silently depart.

Scene II.—Coming of the Scots-Irish to the Up-country.

Music—Comin' Thru the Rye.

The settlers arrive on horseback and on foot. The men with guns and axes. They unload their provisions and make camp.

A company of hunters with an Indian guide return with game. In one group is a strong, brave man leading the rest of his people in the work of building homes in the highlands. This man is Patrick Calhoun.

“As they were wont to do in the early days, at night the pilgrims gathered around the great fire and sang the Psalms of David and prayed for God’s guidance and protection.”

Music—The Ninety-first Psalm.

Prayer—By Rev. Robert Alexander Clark.

“O thou God of Our Fathers, We Thy servants come to Thee this night in this far off land to render our tribute of praise and thankfulness for the blessings which Thou hast given us and the joys which Thou hast made our own.

We are frail beings, Most High One, and prone to stray into evil ways, but Thou hast strengthened us and kept us in the land beyond the seas, be Thou with us yet, O God, we beseech Thee.

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We are Thine, we put our trust in Thee and naught can make us afraid. Thou hast preserved us from the perils of the deep and brought us to this land in which we might worship Thee according to the dictates of our conscience. Teach us, O Lord, how to live and how to praise Thee for these great blessings and teach us to train our children that they may know how Thou hast blessed them and grant, O God, that they may always stand for Christ.

Thou hast overcome the evil one, help us to overcome those who would destroy us, but if the conflict comes and we fall, we know, O Lord, that whatsoever Thou doeth is best and if Thou dost call us on high, grant that we may find a home with Thee in that city which Thou hast prepared for Thine own.

Into Thy hands now we commit ourselves, knowing that whatsoever Thou doeth is right and for Thine eternal glory. Amen."

(Written by W. Lindsay Wilson.)

A company of Scots come (those who settled in the district were known as Waxhaws). Noted guests arrive on horseback and the village holds a celebration. The children play singing games; groups of girls join in an Irish and an old English dance. Boys have sports.

Music—Old English Song.

During this scene, numerous Indians are seen in the background, pantomiming the attitude of the Cherokees at this encroachment of the whites. They show that an attack must be planned on the settlers. They withdraw and a runner reaches the village telling of the trouble brewing. The settlers hold a hurried council and withdraw.

Allan Francis with a company of men go at once to the blockhouse.

Music—Scalp Dance—Lake.

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Scene III.—Plans for the Attack on Ninety Six.

The Indians assemble; council is held; plans are made to attack the blockhouse. Cateechee, who has come with the others, overhears the plans.

Scene IV.—Cateechee's Ride.

As soon as the council is ended and the Cherokees move off toward their attack, Cateechee steals forth on her calico pony and draws near to the blockhouse to warn Allen Francis. He gives the warning to his men and the attack follows.

Scene V.—The Attack.

A dramatic scene follows in which the Cherokees attack the blockhouse and the settlers are victorious.

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INTERLUDE III.

The Earth and Her Harvest.

Music—Oasis—Grunn.

A dance drama showing the gifts of the earth to man.
The grain, the cotton, the fruit, the flowers.

Music—At Sunrise—Grunn.

Scene VI.—The Marriage of Francis and Cateechee.

Atta-kulla-kulla and his men meet the settlers and a treaty is signed, Allan Francis acting for the settlers. Following this the marriage of Francis and Cateechee is celebrated, all the village taking part and leaving as an escort to the bride and groom.

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EPISODE V.—1765.

Scene I.—The Dawn of Independence.

Music—On the Mesa—Grunn.

The colonists gather to hear Christopher Gadsden address them on Independence.

“Men of Carolina! Full many a league o’er mountain and plain did ye travel on yesterday and on the day before to meet here today for consideration of the cause which affects from the greatest to the least of us and in every phase of our existence.

Not slow shall I be, nor with many words delay giving you the latest developments in this deep laid scheme to defraud you, men of freedom, of that liberty which was won at Runnymede four centuries or more ago and which, by strong arms and stout hearts your fathers and ye have kept intact through all these years.

To go back a little way, ye know that about one hundred and fifty years ago, your fathers and mine came across the wild seas to this uninhabited land that we might build homes wherein we could worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience and be free of the petty tyrannies exercised over us by foreign princes, elevated to positions of power through accident or chance.

Through all these weary years our blood has been poured out like water and we have withstood, by the grace of God, every power that the fiends, lurking in the forest, could bring against us, when lo, from the direction of our homeland rises the darkening cloud of oppression!

Ye know, O men of Carolinas, how we have stood shoulder to shoulder with the handful who have come across to aid in our battles against the Frenchmen and ye know how much to them ye owe for that measure of security and peace which is your own today.

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Ye have seen the tri-color lowered on many a field; ye have seen the great valley of the Beautiful River opened up to those who would make farms in its fertile bottoms; ye have seen a trail opened from the hills of our colony to the seashore and made safe for all who might travel thereon.

The storm of the guns on the plains of Abraham has scarcely ceased to roar and the last ship, bearing the white-coated soldiers of France from our land forever, has scarcely yet gone out of sight.

We have dreamed, Scots-Irish, that this was the beginning of the enjoyment of the fruits of our labors. Our hearts have gone fondly back in retrospect to the hills of the motherland from whence we came and we have looked forward with longing, perhaps, when we might again visit the scenes made dear to us by early years of our memories of our father's boyhood.

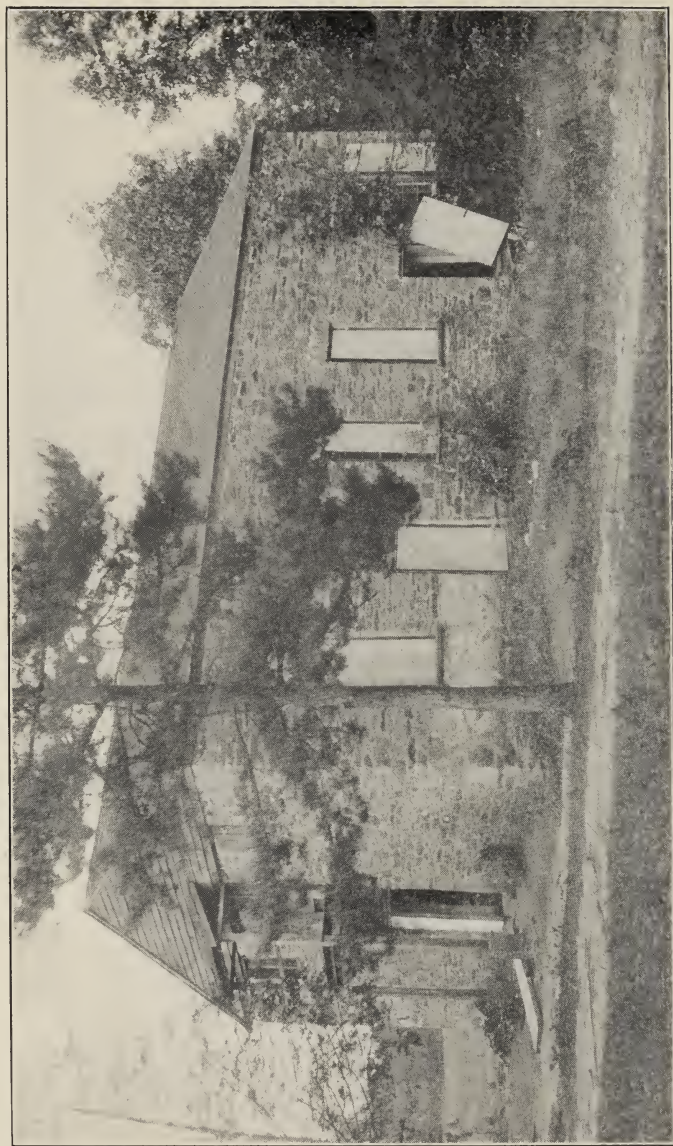
But no! This is not to be, say those who sit on the throne over yonder and attempt to dictate to us—freemen of the New World! The course that we should pursue and in a land which our own blood and strong arms have won.

An iniquitous tax is about to be forced upon you! Ye are about to be forced to pay into the treasury of this foreign George, the few coins which your labors bring to your hands. When ye go into the wilderness and mark out the boundaries of a farm which your bravery has won for you, there must needs be, sitting in the settlement yonder, a hireling, who will sell to you a paper, giving you title to this land, whereon is affixed the stamp of this Germanic prince and for which you must pay your silver.

And for what I ask you? Have these hireling soldiers won for you this land? Were ye protected by them when the red men howled, and permitted to rest in security while they fought? Or was it your own trusty rifles and the grace of God that kept your wife and child from harm?

Ye are not represented in the Parliament yonder in London of the old land and yet this iniquitous tax is put upon you. Witness the threats of these bewigged, red-coated





Courtesy of Dr. R. N. Brackett THE OLD STONE CHURCH, PENDLETON, 1797.

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minions who declare that the paper will be forced upon you or be forced down your throats with the point of a bayonet.

It is but the beginning, I say, and the end no man knows. Will ye stand by idly now like poltroons or cowards and be dictated to by these law-makers of alien blood or will ye quit yourselves like men and be strong?

Remember, Scots-Irish, in your veins flows the blood of men who won Bannockburn. The St. Andrews cross that floated high over that field is now joined with that of St. George and this banner, yours and mine, will be brought as a symbol of force by the power of the foreign prince, to oppress those who made it to float as an emblem of freedom.

Rouse, fellow colonists! Join yourselves together as one common band. There must be no Massachusetts, nor Virginia, nor Carolinas. We must not think of New England, of Pennsylvania nor of the Southern colonies. We must stand together as we stood, under Washington, at Great Meadows, or in front of Duquesne.

We must fight as we fought, side by side, at Louisburg or in the fastness in the mountains to the north of us when the red men gathered to destroy with barbarous torture all we thought dear.

See yon blue-eyed bairn? She is dear to some one of you and even this moment some friend of the forest may be whetting his scalping knife to take from her head her golden crown of glory.

See yon fair mother with her child at her breast? Who knows but that a few days hence her life may be taken and leave you desolate?

At this moment some painted savage may be fingering his fire locks and chuckling with fiendish glee at the thought of the day when he shall again take the war path at the direction and cajoling of this foreign George who sits on his

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throne over the seas and declares that he will do his will with you.

Rouse, fellow colonists! Band yourselves together and combat this great iniquity. Peacefully if you can, because ye love your home land, but ye love your new land better and best of all we love the freedom which God gave your forefathers.

Rouse, fellow colonists! Band yourselves together and be strong. Combat this force that is brought against you, peacefully if you can, forcibly if you must, and if you must strike, strike for God, freedom and America!"

(Written by W. Lindsay Wilson.)

(South Carolina was the first English colony to adopt an independent form of government drafted by Gadsden.)

Prologue—By the Carolinan.

TO KINGS MOUNTAIN

Across the hills to brave Watauga comes the cry,
"When all is finished here, destruction will to you be brought."

Far, far to the south comes the ring of arms
As red coat and buff and blue strive in their fury.
Men along the Holstein, Tellico and Chilhowee hear the cry;
And with Deckhard on arm and pouch of roasted corn by side
Hasten to the fray.

On yon mount called the King's the would-be destroyer rests;
Secure in the belief that harm cannot come nigh to him.
With blasphemous lip and hardened heart, he waits for succor.

From every point the winds do blow
Men who made the land, come again, to stand for their own.
Thus gathering Scots-Irish, Churchmen, those of Roman belief,
Sons of the tide water—men from hill, 'cross plain, down to the sea.

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Fall on him who would destroy; and when all is finished
For the destroyer—remains but an infamous name;
But for freedom, a glorious victory!

(Written by W. Lindsay Wilson.)

Music—Martial air.

Scene II.—On the Eve of Kings Mountain—1780.

Col John Sevier and a band of partisan soldiers enter on their way to Kings Mountain. Col. Sevier speaks to his men:

“Word has been received that Gen. Ferguson has taken his stand on Kings Mountain. We go to capture him.”

Pastor Doak offers prayer:

“Thou, O God! knowest our down-sitting and our up-rising and understandest our thoughts afar off. Shield and defend us from the evil intentions of our enemies, and support us under the trials and afflictions we are destined to endure, while traveling through this vale of tears. Knowing that we should never enter upon any great or important undertaking without first invoking thy Divine blessing, we call upon Thee to guide, guard and direct us in the defense of our homes, our country and our sacred principles!

Lay bare thine arm, stretch forth Thy rod, and discomfort these despoilers who seek to trample Thy servants under their feet. May our cause be Thy cause, and may we go now in strength and faith, knowing that Thou wilt have compassion on us the children of Thy creation, administering comfort in time of trouble, and saving us with an everlasting salvation.” “Go forth my brave men, go forth with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon.”

(Written by John S. Taylor.)

PARSON DOAK:

Just before the “over-mountain men” from what is now Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee left for Kings Mountain, Parson Doak (probably a venerable man then), the pioneer preacher, offered prayer. Wit huncovered heads the men gathered instinctively about him and in earnest tones he asked for them the guidance and protection of the Giver of Victory and the God of battles. He adds a few stirring sentences that make the blood lead in their veins, closing with the words, “Go forth, my brave men, go forth with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon!” With one accord they take up the words, and shouting, “With the sword of the Lord and of our Gideon!” they set out on their perilous march in pursuit of the enemy.”

—Gilmore’s “Advance Guard of Western Civilization.”

—Draper’s “Kings Mountain and Its Heroes.”

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Scene III.—British Army at Kings Mountain.

General Ferguson comes. He reins his horse sharply and blows his silver whistle; the troops enter and gather around him. He speaks to them: "We will take our stand on Kings Mountain and God himself and all the rebels this side of hell cannot move us. To your camp men! Cornwallis will reinforce us shortly."

Scene IV.—The News of the Victory.

A group of colonists enter to hear the news of battle. Just here a riderless horse, with bridle hanging and saddle at the side is led in by a Continental soldier. Behind march several British prisoners with hands tied behind them and back of them two Continental guards. The colonists rush forward for the news. The riderless horse is General Ferguson's. The soldier leading the horse speaks:

"The battle of Kings Mountain is ended—the victory is ours."

The colonists cheer many times as the command "Forward March!" is given and the procession moves off.

Music—Pontifical March—Gounod.

The Keowee Trail

INTERLUDE IV.

The Strength of Our Ideals.

A processional showing the outstanding Carolinians in the Revolution and led by symbolic characters representing Truth, Justice, and Liberty, bearing the flag of the colonies.

These characters are suggestive of the many who gave their lives to their country—through fighting the battles at home and on the field. History gives us many incidents in the lives of the Revolutionary men—not so much is known of the deeds of brave women.

Emily Geiger, Dicey Langston, Kate Barry: Women who hazarded their lives in delivering confidential messages to the American forces through the British lines.

Rebecca Motte: Allowed her mansion to be burned to insure the capture of Fort Motte.

Elizabeth Steele: Landlady at Salisbury, when Gen. Greene's forces quartered there. Gave money to forces at a time when funds and spirits were lowest.

Martha Bratton: Subjected to torture, but refused to betray the forces.

Esther Gaston, Margaret Gaston: Offered to fight in battle of Rocky Mount. Cared for wounded.

Jane McClure: Leader of a band of gentlewomen, The Reapers, who cared for crops while the men were fighting.

Esther Marion: Gen. Marion's daughter; active in organizing opinion for the army.

Scene V.—A Village in Revolution Days—1783.

Music—America.

The message of victory was transmitted in these days by the firing of two shots, which were relayed along the way. This scene opens with hearing two shots in the distance and the arrival of a rider whose horse gives evidence of the journey he has had. The rider halts his horse and cries, "Cornwallis has surrendered."

Colonial women and girls gather and with a waving of kerchiefs and a meeting of friends, they begin their rejoicing, through weeping, through prayer and through singing. Prayer is offered:

"Great God of the Universe, our Father and our Lord, Thy servants gather today in the humbleness of their hearts to thank Thee as best they may for the most glorious blessing which Thou has poured out upon us, our land and our prosperity.

The Keowee Trail

Thou hast delivered into our hands our enemies; Thou hast destroyed them that would destroy us; Thou hast given us the victory and no more we pray Thee may war come to our land.

As our enemy lies prostrate at our feet, O Father, grant that we may in our hearts have some of that forgiveness which comes from Thee. Grant, O Father, that we may not feel that this victory was caused by our own prowess, but realize that all things come from Thee and Thee alone.

We are appalled, O Lord, by the immensity of this victory, our cup has run over and as mortals, without Thy help our hearts may grow arrogant with the thought that this is the work of our own hands.

Be near unto us and keep us, teach us to do Thy will with the liberty and the land which Thou hast given us and make us to know, Most Mighty One, that we have been but the instruments in Thy hands to bring freedom to this land which Thou hast given us.

Teach us, O Lord, to rear our children that we may wisely handle the power which freedom has given and teach us to rear them that they may handle it for Thine eternal glory. Amen!"

(Written by W. Lindsay Wilson.)

The bugle call is heard; the band plays "The White Cockade." The women and girls await the arrival of troops.

The French and Continental troops march in and, forming two ranks, facing each other, they stand while the British red-coats march between led by Cornwallis mounted on a white horse. They trail their guns and march off as prisoners of war.

A celebration follows during which the dances of the early days are presented.

---Music—Minuet, "Don Juan," Mozart.

"Simplicity," Lee.

"Hunsden House," Sharp.

Chorus—"Lovely Appear," Gounod.

The Keowee Trail

Prologue—By the Carolinian.

Look into the crystal globe that, slowly
Turning, reveals the later story of
The Palmetto State. Behold her people
Under freedom broaden their liberties,
Jealous ever of their independence
And the sacred sovereignty of the State.

Commerce thrives, for countless field
Are white with "the snow of Southern summers."
The care-free slave is happy at his task,
While in the white-pillared mansion of
His master spacious hospitality
Welcomes all; Churches multiply.
Into the wilderness from the blue hills,
To the sea stout-hearted missionaries carry
The flaming word of God. In rude cabins
The people's schools begin forevermore to bless
The State's children; colleges are founded
To uplift and enlighten her youth.
The cotton mill appears; railroads are laid.
Villages and cities blossom forth.
Literature is illumined by the genius of her sons;
The laurels of letters wreath Timrod and Simms,
In the forum, in the councils of state and country,
Her statesmen, Calhoun, Hayne, McDuffie,
Command the applause of listening multitudes and
Read their history in a nation's eyes.
The righteous decrees of her judges
Echo across the seas.
In wars for the nation none in valor
Surpass her sons who plant the Palmetto Flag
In triumph over the land of Montezumas.
To her the republic looks for leadership
In every crisis.
Bold, dauntless, powerful,

The Keowee Trail

She looms high among her sister States,
Mistress of the arts of peace and war.

* * * * *

And now Carolina's soul is stirred
With the vision of her nobler future;
The light of a grander day falls fair on her face
As her people struggle upward out of ignorance
Toward the truth that shall make them free
And lift her glorified on high.

(Written by J. Rion McKissick.)





ISAUQUENA FALLS.

EPISODE VI.—VISION OF THE YEARS

A Series of Processional Pictures

Music—"Dixie."

1.—The Southern Home.

A reception to John C. Calhoun showing hospitality of the Southern home. In the distance we see the Calhoun mansion. John C. Calhoun arrives from Congress on horseback, behind him his servant, also mounted, and carrying the leather covered trunk.

2.—Religion and Education.

Music—"Onward Christian Soldiers."

Two figures representing the church followed by a processional representing the colleges of this section, and bearing their colors.

Music—March.

3.—Health Crusaders.

"More than a million boys and girls are enlisted in this fight against tuberculosis and other preventable diseases through the modern Health Crusade."

4.—Civic Ideals.

Music—Coronation March, Meyerbeer.

A processional showing Civic Ideals as they knew them in the early days and as we know them today in the strength of this Democracy, founded by the sturdy American colonist.

America	Progress
Truth	Art
Justice	Music
Liberty	Drama
Love	Play
Labor	Health
Hope	Education
Faith	Welfare
	Red Cross

The Keowee Trail

“Humanity through all the ages has seen and has wept at the suffering of the world. Many have heard the call. Out of the heart of humanity it has come into the hearts of the people. Out of great Love it has come. The Red Cross; the union of all who love, in the service of all who suffer.”

Prologue—By the Carolinian.

To the Soldiers of All the Wars.

Wide opens memory's gates, on golden hinges turning
Disclosing fields of yesteryear, adown whose sward
Marches the procession proud;—soldiers of all the wars!

In buff and blue with “brown Bess” near his heart
Goeth the Continental to make possible
That flag of ours with thirteen stars.

Next, him who defied the motherland
When unreason ruled a throne,
And by Orleans' water planted firm
The ensign that stands for victory and right.

From Montezuma's plain where waved first in Mexican air,
The flag we call the “Bonny Blue” comes he of the Palmetto,
Writing high on honor's scroll his name.

And then—when bands of homeland play, cometh one
Dressed all in beauteous gray; the son of southern chivalry.
Above him tossing fair the banner bright. Red
With the blood of knights of all the years.

Loud crashes the thunder of the guns
As he plunges into their sulphurous canopy.
But victory in arms comes not to him!
He only hears fame's thunder wake,

The Keowee Trail

Sees break her dazzling sunburst
In smiles on glory's bloody face! Yet in these far years,
In truth's clear white light, all glory is his;
Today the world pays homage deep to him who died,
That Rights of States might remain inviolate!

Again the bugles blow and blow,
And sons of those who marched neath the Battle Cross
Array themselves under the Stripes and Stars;
Liberty is in the balance and where tropic flowers blow,
Men are dying; under the oppression of iron hands.

Forth they go and valiantly they fight, and lo,
The eagle of victory perches on the standard once again!
And peace comes to those, who through the centuries have
suffered.

Now from afar, across the sea, are heard the cries
Of men in mortal agony; the shriek of women despoiled
And wail of babes left by the roads to die.

Shorn of waving flags, bereft of rolling drum from the four
winds
They come: no North, no East, no West, no South,
All for one and one for all, And he
Who would destroy, is into the pit of destruction cast!

So, to the soldier of the states, strong in all the years
We give our mead of praise.
From buff to blue and blue to gray, and gray to blue and
olive drab,
He stands for liberty and truth,
The soldier of America—the heir of all the ages!

(Written by W. Lindsay Wilson.)

The Keowee Trail

5.—Patriotism.

Chorus—"God of Our Fathers."

A Picture of the Soldiers of Our Wars :

The Continental Soldier.

The Soldier of 1812.

The Mexican Soldier.

The Confederate.

The Spanish War Veteran.

The American Legion.

Music—Funeral March, Chopin.

The Keowee Trail

**Interlude V.—Honor to Those Who Did Not Return, Those of
the Wars of Yesterday and Today. A Processional.**

Epilogue—Democracy.

Makers of history of the Palmetto State
From its dawn to the present hour
I summon you.

Behold the first dwellers in these vales
First friends to the whites; then foes,
The valiant Cherokees.

Next, the pioneers blazing the trail
Of Civilization, facing fearful perils
In freedom's cause.

Ho! Redcoats of England, guardians
Of the colony ere its people won
Their independence.

And then first saviours of our liberties,
Patriots, civilians and soldiers,
In Freedom's fateful crisis.
Soldiers of all our wars, sealing with blood
Destiny of State and nation
By valor invincible.

Soldiers of peace, schoolmasters,
Conservators of civic ideals,
Upbuilders of democracy.
All hail, moulders of Carolina, strong and great,
Through ages until now, noble makers of the Palmetto State.

(Written by J. Rion McKissick.)

The Keowee Trail

Music—Dixie.

The Spirit of Carolina summons the groups from the ages and we have a final vision of those who have made history from **Then** until **Now**.

Postlude—"Star Spangled Banner."

Recessional—"America the Beautiful."

The Keowee Trail

Cast

Groups, With Leaders, in Order of Their Entrance.

PRELUDE.

TRUMPETERS—Mrs. Frances Dall, Mrs. W. A. Williams, Broadus Bailey
Thomas Lewis.
THE CAROLINIAN—Mrs. George A. Buist.
SUN—Gertrude Davis.
SUN SPIRITS—H. S. Girls, Agnes Deal; Y. W. C. A. Girls of H. S.
HIGH PRIEST—Dr. David Ramsay.
CHIEF KURUGA—Col. W. H. Keith.
SUB-CHIEF ISAKAGUA—John W. Lipscomb.
FIRST INDIAN TRIBE—Kiwanis Club.

EPISODE I.

CHIEF ATTA-KULLA-KULLA—Major Wm. Robertson.
CHIEF OCONSTATA—Arthur MacKay.
SUB-CHIEF—Brown Mahon.
BRAVES—Rotary Club.
CHEROKEE BRAVES—Furman Men, Prof. W. H. Coleman.
CHEROKEE WOMEN—Group Eastern Star Chapter 31, Mrs. J. H. Orr; Y. W.
C. A. Business Women, Katherine Jones.
CHEROKEE MAIDENS—Seneca Mills Girls Club, Ruth Owen; Poe Mfg. Co.
Girls Club, Edith Dill; Greer Girls Club, Mattie McNinth; Amer. Spinning
Co. Girls Club, Myra Wofford; Pelzer Girls Club, Carrie Lander; Brandon
Mills Girls Club, Jessie Garlington; Vardry Mill Girls Club, Sunie Bar-
bery; Woodside Mill Girls Club, Mrs. W. M. Grier; Y. W. C. A. Standard
Club, Mrs. Chas. Gower; Dunean Mill Girls Club; Mrs. J. M. Webb;
Judson Mill Girls Club, G. W. Pearce.
CHEROKEE WOMEN—Pocahontas Women, Mrs. Viola Matteson.
INDAN SCOUT—J. W. Stribling.

INTERLUDE I.

FOREST SPIRITS—Converse College, Spartanburg, E. C. Haight.
BIRDS OF FOREST—Monaghan Mill, Krulein Smoke.
FLOWERS—Woodside Mills, Sarah Crosswell; Victor Mills, Greer, Frances Wide-
man.
BUTTERFLIES—Dunean, Beth Herndon; Brandon, Bessie Owings; Camperdown,
Carrie McManaway; Poinsette—Agnes Seyle; Judson, Jessie Fox.
TREES—Eighth Grade Boys, Public Schools, Prof. W. F. Warren.

EPISODE II.

Scene I.

TOM-TOM MEN.
CHOCTAW WOMEN—Music Club, Mrs. W. Lindsay Smith.
CATEECHEE—Janie Gilreath.
CHOCTAW BRAVES—Y. M. C. A., George Mackay.
INDIAN BOYS AND GIRLS ON PONIES—Mrs. J. R. White.
CHOCTAW CHIEF ATAWAWA—Daykns Stover.

The Keowee Trail

SUB-CHIEF, SANUTE—Dr. T. B. Reeves.

BRAVES WITH BOAT—Furman University, Prof. W. H. Coleman.

BRAVES WITH DRUM AND RATTLES—Furman University.

DANCE OF FEAR.

INDIAN RUNNERS—Kendall H. Schultz, McNeil Carpenter.

INDIAN SCOUTS—W. M. Bull, W. B. Lewis, Frank Lewis, J. W. Stribling, Carl

E. Morgan, James Garner, Arthur Woodside, Dr. E. O. Chimene.

CHOCTAW WOMEN—Ward 5 Club, Mrs. M. Maxwell; Women's Bureau, Chamber of Commerce, Maggie Garlington; Business Women, Etta McGee.

BRAVES AND MAIDENS—H. S. Central, G. E. Welborn; H. S. Liberty, L. W.

Foy; H. S. Piedmont, C. B. Hanna; H. S. Seneca, J. P. Coates; H. S.

Laurens, H. W. Gasque; H. S. Easley, J. V. McElveen.

CHOCTAW MAIDENS—Eagle Troop, Girl Scouts, May Earle.

KIWANIANS.

ROTARIANS.

ATTA-KULLA-KULLA.

FURMAN MEN.

INDIAN SCOUTS.

Scene II.

INDIAN SCOUT—J. W. Stribling.

ALLAN FRANCES—Col. Holmes B. Springs.

TRADERS WITH FRANCIS—John L. Williams, Herbert Lindsay, Haskell H.

Martin, Charles Newton, George H. Taylor, Wm. Freeman, Horace A.

Swanell.

INTERLUDE II.

THE FOUR WINDS—Young Women of Greenville, Mary Slattery.

INDIAN MOONS—Young Women of Greenville, Mrs. Broadus Bailey.

EPISODE III.

ENGLISH RUNNER—Allen Ramsay.

KIWANIANS.

ROTARIANS.

FURMAN MEN.

INDIAN SCOUTS.

ATTA-KULLA-KULLA.

HIS SON.

CHIEF WATSISA—G. W. Benson, Piedmont.

TRIBE—Redmen, Oklahoma Tribe.

CHIEF ULAGO—A. L. Mahaffey, Williamston.

TRIBE—Redmen, Gray Eagle Tribe, Williamston.

CHIEF YONAH—J. R. Welborne, Fountain Inn.

TRIBE—Redmen, Red Iron Tribe, Fountain Inn.

CHIEF MALATCHI—

TULULAH TRIBE—J. H. Painter, Greenville.

TRIBE—Redmen, Wekee, A. N. Lunsford, Mills Mill.

TRIBE—Ottaray, No. 108, Tribe, Redmen, Dunean Mill, L. R. Landreth.

CHIEF UMIDAGI—G. H. Corbin, Pelzer.

TRIBE—Redmen, Wampoo and Chicola Tribes, Pelzer.

CHIEF UNLITE—R. L. Welbourne,

TRIBE—Redmen, Tonotley Tribe, Brandon Mills.



Photo by Mitchell.

A WEDDING SCENE.

The Keowee Trail

CHIEF—INEDUNAI—J. O. Havird, Anderson.
TRIBE—Tugel and Genersoitee Tribes, Anderson.
ENGLISH RUNNER—Allen Ramsay.
GOV. GLENN—W. P. Conyers.
HIS STAFF—Chief of Staff, Major W. D. Workman; W. Royden Watkins, F. J. Beatty, Grady Southern, Eugene B. Smith, Ed. V. Hughes, Harold Turner, Guy Gulick, R. H. Hudgens, W. M. Walters.

EPISODE IV.

Scene I.

GOV. GLENN AND STAFF.
ENGLISH SOLDIERS—Markley Guard, H. H. Orr.
THEIR CAPTAIN—Lieut. J. H. Bayne.

Scene II.

SCOTS-IRISH SETTLERS—Knights of Pythias, C. E. Gaffney; Woodmen, E. Inman; Oddfellows G. T. Hammond.
MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN—A. R. P. Church, Mrs. W. F. Patrick.
WOMEN SETTLERS—Edna David Missionary Society, Mrs. John Hicks.
PATRICK CALHOUN—Callaway Mims.
MINISTER—Rev. C. G. Gunn.
SETTLERS—Third Presbyterian Church, Mrs. J. J. Price.
SETTLERS—U. S. P. H. S. Hospital.
ALLEN FRANCIS AND TRADERS.
IRISH BOYS AND GIRLS—Playgrounds, Lavinia Keyes, Mrs. W. A. Carpenter, Janie Gilreath.
IRISH GIRLS—Junior Y. W. C. A., Katherine Jones.
YOUNGER CHILDREN—Singing Games.
SINGING GAMES—Playgrounds and Bruner Home, Mrs. Carl Talley.
OLDER BOYS AND GIRLS, ENGLISH DANCE—Playgrounds and Grammar Grades Class, Same Leaders; Y. W. C. A., Miss Jones.
BOYS IN STUNTS—Victor Mills (Greer), Roy Harbison.
BOYS IN STUNTS—Boys Club First Baptist Church, Mark Osborne.
CHEROKEES.
CHOCTAWS.
ALLAN FRANCIS.
RUNNER—R. Allan Ramsay.

Scene III.

ATTA-KULLA-KULLA.
ROTARIANS.
KIWANIANs.
FURMAN MEN.
ALL INDIAN SCOUTS.
DAKYNs STOVER TRIBE.

Scene IV.

CATEECHEE RIDES TO THE BLOCK HOUSE.
FRANCIS AND TRADERS.
ENGLISH SOLDIERS.

Scene V.

CHEROKEES.
CHOCTAWS.

The Keowee Trail

INTERLUDE III.

EARTH AND HER HARVEST

EARTH AND HER HARVEST—G. W. C. Alumnae, Mrs. N. H. Alford.

Scene VI.

ATTA-KULLA-KULLA.

ALL CHEROKEE MEN.

ALL CHOCTAWS.

MUSIC CLUB.

CHTEECHEE.

WARD FIVE CLUB.

SETTLERS—Knights of Pythias, Woodmen, Oddfellows, Edna David Missionary, Society, A. R. P. Church, Third Presbyterian Church, Rev. C. G. Gunn, U. S. P. H. S. Hospital.

EPISODE V.

Scene I.

GROUP OF COLONISTS—Woodmen, Oddfellows, Knights of Pythias.

CHRISTOPHER GADSDEN—Rev. T. Sloan.

Scene II.

ON THE EVE OF KINGS MOUNTAIN

COL. JOHN SEVIER—Major W. D. Workman.

CONTINENTAL SOLDIERS—Furman Men, J. H. Spear.

CAPTAIN—Guy Cothran.

PASTOR DOAK—Rev. C. G. Gunn.

Scene III.

GENERAL FERGUSON—Col. Alvin H. Dean.

BRITISH TROOPS—Markley Guards, Capt. H. H. Orr.

Scene IV.

GROUP OF COLONISTS—Woodmen, Oddfellows, Knights of Pythias.

RIDERLESS HORSE, led in by Continental Soldier, Furman Man.

CONTINENTAL GUARDS—Furman Men.

BRITISH SOLDIERS—Markley Guards.

CONTINENTAL GUARDS—Furman Men.

CONTINENTAL OFFICER—Furman Man.

INTERLUDE IV.

STRENGTH OF OUR IDEALS—PROCESSIONAL OF HISTORICAL CHARACTERS—PROCESSIONAL LED BY

TRUTH	Theresa McDavid
JUSTICE	Mrs. R. Q. Merrick
LIBERTY	Jeanette West
REV, McELHANY	Rev. McAuley
DR. DAVID RAMSAY	Dr. David Ramsay
RICHAR FURMAN	Alester G. Furman, Sr.
CHRISTOPHER GADSDEN	Rev. T. Sloan
THOMAS PINCKNEY	Rev. A. R. Mitchell
JOHN RUTLEDGE	J. M. Webb
WILLIAM MOULTRIE	W. M. Grier

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GABRIEL MANIGAULT	Proctor Bonham
HENRY MIDDLETON	G. Furman Norris
HORSESHOE ROBINSON	W. B Hicks
GENERAL MARION	W. Lindsay Wilson
GENERAL PICKENS	Col. Edge Blythe
WM. HENRY DRAYTON	Thomas F. Parker
WM. GIBBS	Dr. S. E. Bradshaw
THOMAS FERGUSON	Clement Haynsworth
THOMAS BEE	Dr. Sterling
BENJAMIN ELLIOTT	Colter Cothran
WM. WILLIAMSON	Mr. McCartney
JOHN C. CALHOUN	Dr. D. W. Daniel
HENRY LAURENS	Tom Carson
COL. BENJ. CLEVELAND	W. C. Cleveland
COL. JOHN SEVIER	Major W. D. Workman
COL. WM. CAMPBELL	C. Campbell Ross
COL. JAS. ROBINSON	J. Rion McKissick
COL. JAMES WILLIAMS	
COL. ISAAC SHELBY	J. C. Milford
COL. MORGAN	Geo. Morgan
COL. ROBT. ANDERSON	Robt. Anderson
COL. WM. WASHINGTON	
COL. JOHN THOMAS, SR.	Thos. Marchant
COL. JOSEPH McDOWELL	
GEN. ANDREW WILLIAMSON	
GEN. EDWARD LACEY	
GEN. THOMAS SUMTER	
GEN. ANDREW WILLIAMSON	
COL. WILLIAM BRATTON	Wm. Bratton Perrin

WOMEN

EMILY GEIGER	Mrs. L. P. Slattery
MARGARET GASTON	Mrs. Louise Mayes
ESTHER GASTON	Miss Emmie Asbury
ESTHER MARWIN	Mrs. B. A. Mogan
DICEY LANGSTON	Lucile Donnan
ELIZABETH STEELE	Miss Jim Perry
MRS. MARTHA BRATTON	Mrs. A. W. Smith
JANE McCLURE	Mrs. J. O. Jones
MARY ANN GIBBES	Mrs. Avery Patton
KATE BARRY	Miss Kittie Perrin
MARY MUSGROVE	Miss Sarah Neill
REBECCA MOTT	Mrs. Broadus Bailey
BEHTHELAND BUTLER	Mrs. C. M. Landrum

Scene V.

A COLONIAL VILLAGE

RUNNERS ON HORSEBACK—John L. Williams, Herbert Lindsay.

COLONISTS—Some of those who were in the Processional "The Strength of Our Ideals."

COLONIAL WOMEN—Nathaniel Green Chapter D. A. R., Mrs. G. L. Summer; Betheland Butler Chapter D. A. R., Mrs. J. O. Jones; Walhalla Chapter, Mrs. J. W. Bell, Walhalla; Andrew Pickens Chapter, Mrs. W. M. Riggs, Clemson College; U. D. C. Chapters, Greer, Mrs. W. N. Ballinger, Miss

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Birdie Smith; U. D. C., James Orr Chapter, Central, Mrs. J. H. Ramseur; Crescent Community Club, Mrs. A. L. Culberson; Botary Book Club, Mrs. Henry Mills, Mrs. Henry Stradley; Women's Bureau, Chamber of Commerce, Miss M. Garlington.

BUGLE CALL—Markley Guard Bugler.

MINISTER—Rev. Frank Juhan.

FRENCH SOLDIERS—Clemson Men, Dr. D. W. Daniels.

CAPTAIN—Mr. Ned Williams.

CONTINENTAL SOLDIERS—Furman Men, Dr. J. H. Speer.

CAPTAIN—C. D. Garner.

BRITISH SOLDIERS—Markley Guards, Capt H. H. Orr, Lieut. J. H. Bayne.

COLONIAL GIRLS—G. W. C., Mrs. Leon Williams.

COLONIAL GIRLS—Greer H. S., Miss Nell Beard.

EPISODE VI.

PICTURES OF PROGRESS

THE SOUTHERN HOME.

JOHN C. CALHOUN—Dr. D. W. Daniels, Clemson College.

SERVANT—A. S. Burdette.

GROUP WITH CALHOUN—Men from Walhalla, Mayor Brown.

NEIGHBORS OF CALHOUN—Civic League, Walhalla, Mrs. Chas. Hetrick; Parent-Teachers Association, Piedmont, Mrs. S. D. Campbell; Citizens from Laurens; Mrs. J. S. Bennett; Mrs. J. M. Wright; Amer. Assn. U. Women, Mrs. W. M. Burnett; Citizens from Anderson, Mrs. Horace McGee; D. A. R. Group Pickens, Mrs. T. J. Mauldin.

II.—Progress of Religion and Education.

THE CHURCH—Dr. George Quick, Rev. C. G. Gunn.

CLEMSON COLLEGE—Leader and Group.

LIMESTONE COLLEGE—Leader and Group.

ANDERSON COLLEGE—Leader and Group.

WOFFORD COLLEGE—Leader and Group.

CONVERSE COLLEGE—Leader and Group.

NORTH GREENVILLE ACADEMY—Leader and Group.

GREENVILLE WOMAN'S COLLEGE—Leader and Group, Eleanor Gardner.

FURMAN UNIVERSITY—Leader and Group.

III.—Health Crusaders.

Miss Mamie Oetzel, Camperdown Mills, Conestee Mills, Pleasant Hill, Travelers Rest, Simpsonville, Sanoma, Taylors, Union Bleachery, Dunear, Oak Lawn, Pepper, Old Hundred, East View, Fountain Inn.

IV.—Civic Ideals.

AMERICA	Mary Printup
TRUTH	Theresa McDavid
JUSTICE	Mrs. R. Q. Merrick
LIBERTY	Jeanette West
Love	Mrs. Franklin Smith
FAITH	Mrs. A. Culberson
Hope	Helen Morgan
LABOR.....	Mrs. L. W. Faris
PROGRESS.....	Mrs. Maud McGowan
MUSIC	Flora Bennett

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ART	Mrs. Laurence Hollis
DRAMA	Grace McBrayer
PLAY	Davis Padgett
HEALTH	Lydia Spoenman
EDUCATION	Mrs. E. G. Padgett
WELFARE	Sadie Holcombe
RED CROSS	Mrs. J. G. Cunningham

V.—Soldiers of All Wars.

CONTINENTALS—Furman Men, Mr. J. H. Speer.

MEXICAN SOLDIERS—American Legion, Guy Gulick.

SOLDIERS OF 1812—American Legion, Guy Gulick.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS, American Legion, United Confederate Veterans.

Gen. P. A. McDavid, Gen. C. A. Reed.

SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR VETERANS—American Legion—Guy Gulick.

AMERICAN LEGION—American Legion, Guy Gulick.

INTERLUDE V.

HONOR TO THOSE WHO DID NOT RETURN

G. W. C. GIRLS, Cleo Hallum.

ASSEMBLING OF CAST

DIXIE

STAR SPANGLED BANNER

RECESSIONAL—"America the Beautiful."

The Keowee Trail

The Historical Committee
is indebted to the following books and authors
for historical data:

- Book of Ethnology—U. S. Government publication.
Carroll's Historical Collection.
Crittenden—The Greenville Century Book.
Dargan—History of South Carolina.
Daniels—Cateechee of Keowee.
Draper—Kings Mountain and Its Heroes.
Fletcher—The Indian in Song and Story.
Gilmore—Advance Guard of Western Civilization.
Hanaford—Daughters of America.
Jones—Antiquities of Southern Indians.
Landrum—History of Upper South Carolina.
Logan—History of Upper South Carolina.
McCready—History of Carolinas.
Myths of the Cherokees—U. S. Government publication.
Ramsay—History of Carolinas.
Simms—History of South Carolina.





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